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Our Outlook Tower.

DR. PARKER'S SPIRITUALISM.

FORTY-ONE years ago (in January, 1893), Dr. Joseph Parker, the great English preacher, whom we had the honour of counting a personal friend, addressed "An Open Letter" on Spiritualism to Mr. W. T. Stead in a newspaper of that time called *The Morning*. Because it goes to the root of the matter better than many flimsy orations which pass muster to-day though they merely skim the outer surface, we have pleasure in reproducing it, as follows:—

MY DEAR MR. STEAD,—I thank you very warmly for calling my attention to your notes upon Spiritual Communication in the Christmas number of your *Review*.

I am glad to accept your statement without the faintest shadow of reserve as to their literal accuracy, because **you have given me evidence which makes scepticism impossible.**

For myself, I have no difficulty in believing that all seances, all inquiries of the kind you indicate, all earnest endeavours to test the reality of the Spiritual, represent so much groping after God Himself. God is Spirit. **If men were to give themselves might and main to an inquiry concerning God, I should regard that inquiry as expressing the deepest interest in true Spiritualism.**

It seems to me that a congregation, properly regulated, ought to constitute the largest and most effective seance possible . . . Of course if congregations will not lift up their thoughts to this high level, they cannot expect to receive visions from God.

I cannot make light of the suggestion that Inspiration is a present day fact. **I believe that men may now receive direct messages from God.** From my point of view, Inspiration neither began with the sacred canon, nor closed with it. **It is the very life of God in the universe. It is the voice of God to the human soul . . .** We do not want a new Bible. We want a new reading of the old Bible.

I have met with several Spiritualists, and have been struck by their personal earnestness. One or two of the godliest men I have ever known were simply infatuated by Spiritualism. Others have been sober-minded, earnest, simple, and straight-forward in all their supposed realisation of the higher forces . . . Inspiration will come to men in different ways. Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. They did not know what they were going to say. The prophets probably did not understand one tithe of what they uttered. They were literally and in very deed the medium through whom God spake His word to the world.

I thank you for all you have done in this matter of Spiritualism; but I venture to submit to you that all you have done is but alphabetic and elementary, and that **it ought to be no surprise to you, or to anyone else, that communication between the worlds is possible.**

The Bible has been teaching this during all the centuries of its existence. It is not a truth outside the Church but inside the Church, and upon the very centre of the altar of the Church. The Church ought not to look upon Spiritualism, when the processes are honestly conducted, with any but a friendly eye, because the Church well knows that every step in that direction means advancement towards **the sublime fact that God is Spirit, and that He is willing to communicate every day with the spirits of those who wait upon Him in faith and love.**

WARNING ABOUT A DECREPIT PULPIT.

The Rev. Charles L. Tweedale, Vicar of Weston, writes as follows in the *Church Guardian*:—

A few weeks ago we were sitting for Spirit Communion—the Communion of Saints—when a spirit who has manifested here for many years said to me,

"Look to the head of your pulpit; it needs attention."

The pulpit of Weston Church is one of the few remaining "three-deckers" left in this country, very tall, and ascended by two flights of stairs. It dates from Queen Anne's time, and carries a heavy oak sounding board about 4 feet in diameter and nearly a foot deep, which is suspended over my head.

It is not possible to see the condition of the fastenings from the floor of the Church, or without the help of a tall ladder, the fastenings being concealed in the recess above the heavy oak board. These fastenings have remained untouched for generations.

Much impressed by the message and knowing from long experience that these messages and forecasts of ours have been fulfilled with awe-inspiring accuracy, the next Sunday, after the morning service, I obtained a long ladder, and leaning it against the South wall, I ascended to the sounding board.

To my astonishment I found that one of the iron bars supporting the heavy sounding board was rusted completely through, and on laying hold of it, it bent up nearly a foot. The other iron bar was attached to the board at a point where it was badly worn eaten, and crumbling to the touch, and the heavy structure might have crashed at any moment. None of this condition of affairs was visible from below, and I saw it for the first time.

As the sounding board weighs about a hundred-weight, and would have fallen five feet on to my head, my gratitude may be imagined. I fervently returned thanks to God, who had permitted this warning against impending danger, and hastened to carry out the necessary repairs.

The spirit world is the same to-day as when Jesus, prophets, and apostles spake with its inhabitants, and the above warning is as true and real as that given by the Spirit of Jesus, when he said to Paul, "Get thee out of this city, for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me." (Acts xxii. 18).

"IMPERATOR'S" PERSONALITY.

"Imperator," is one of the most famous mediumistic controls in Spiritualistic history, and is therefore a personality of deep interest. He was the author of the "Spirit Teachings," which came through the organism of the Rev. Stainton Moses (and is claimed to be still controlling trustworthy sensitives to-day, such as Miss Florence Helsby, of Montreal, and Miss Marjorie Rowe, of London).

The following is "Imperator's" own account of himself as given through Stainton Moses, and printed in Mr. A. W. Trethewy's book, entitled "The Controls of Stainton Moses (M.A., Oxon)":—

"You ask me to tell you of my personality. Know then, that I was incarnated upon your earth in those terrible days of desolation which succeeded the return of God's people from the land of Persia under Nehemiah: days when the priests were corrupt and corrupted their people, when the service of God was neglected and profaned; and when the people were fast losing all direct consciousness of the presence of God's messenger with them. In those days I lived and spake with human utterance the prophetic message, even as I now convey through you a fuller and clearer knowledge of the same God whom I then revealed.

"When Nehemiah stood forth to guide the people and to bring them back to God, I, Malachias, the Angel of Jehovah, the Messenger of God, as I was called, stood by his side and prophesied of God's judgments. Ye have some of the utterances which fell from me in the sacred record which you so prize. Many were not preserved, but there ye can read how Malachi spoke of God, how he received the questions of the sceptic, and how he answered them, even as Imperator, the leader of the new movement—new, yet so old, perpetual, so unceasing—has answered you—Malachias, the messenger of Jehovah, the Angel of the Lord, who spoke in the days of Nehemiah: the prophet who inspired William Grocyu: *Imperator Servus Dei* who speaks to you, it is I, the same individuality, the same spirit."

The Psychograph in the Home Circle.

A HUSBAND REPEATS HIS LAST WORDS TO HIS WIDOW.

BY W. W. LOVE.

THE following information from the Spirit World should be helpful to others, particularly those who are now using the Psychograph, and should enable them to obtain results equal to our own. The truth is for all who seek aright, and not for a favoured few.

The particulars here published during the past few months of our investigations with the Psychograph have created world-wide interest, and brought me many letters from readers in the British Isles and almost every country in Europe. I have received letters from as far north as Northern Iceland, and as far distant south as Rhodesia, also from the United States of America. Truth must prevail, and it is worth striving for. There are apparent difficulties, but they are soon overcome by scientific and orderly investigation if we provide the right channels of communication and the necessary conditions.

We have a concrete foundation, which is being reinforced every week by unassailable facts. I feel it would be a sin against humanity to withhold them. It is for this reason they are being published, and we hope that our experiences will help those still in darkness to discover the truth. Many mourn their loved ones as dead, and see no light or life beyond the tomb; they are only dead to those who think them so, as the following evidence will prove.

In our experiments we make use of conversational form, we ask logical questions, and expect answers to them. In the majority of cases the communications follow a definite course. Some entity will announce himself or herself, and, on being questioned, relates his life story, giving correct dates and particulars which are often unknown to those taking part in the investigations until verified later.

In answer to our questions, we learn much about the life after death, and the nature of God, which is invariably in accordance with:—*"No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us. Hereby know we that we dwell in Him and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit."*—I. John, IV, 12.

Three ladies and one gentleman took part at this investigation. The lady who received the messages had been seeking evidence in other directions for several years when we invited her to try the Psychograph:—

Question:—Are there any unseen friends present who are known to an investigator?—"Husband" was spelt out.

Your name please?—"Russel."

Is that a Christian Name?—"Yes."

Your surname please?—"Little" (correct).

Question: by his wife:—Can you tell me your other Christian name?—"Featherstone" (correct).

What is your wife's Christian name?—"Georgina" (correct).

Can you tell us your age at the time you passed on?—"fifty-three" (correct).

The year, please?—"1928" (correct).

Date, please?—"Fifth of May" (correct).

Can you tell us the day of the week and hour of your passing?—"Friday at 1 a.m." (correct).

Question by wife:—Can you tell me the last words you said to me?

Answer:—"It's all right, George." (This was perfectly correct).

All the above was unknown to any other sitter.

Question:—Have you a message?—"Chick is a good boy to you. Do not be anxious about his future happiness. I will look after him. Love from Russel. Good-night."

Question:—Is there anyone else who would like to give a message?—"Mother."

Whose mother?—"Georgina's."

Your name, please?—"Esther" (correct).

What year did you pass on?—"1918" (correct).

The date, please?—"June 18th" (correct).

Can you remember the day of the week and hour of your passing on?—"Tuesday at 7 a.m." (correct).

How many were with you when you passed away?—"Three" (correct).

How old is dad?—"83" (correct).

Do you remember the date of his birthday?—"November 9th" (correct).

Have you a message?—"Love to dad; kiss him for me. Good-night."

All of these investigations are carried out in full light.

SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION WITH THE PSYCHOGRAPH.

DORIS:—"Good evening one and all, I am so glad to have you so well and happy. I can see how you throw aside the cares and worries of your business lives when you come to meet your unseen friends. I love to have it so, for then we can draw near without a cloud between us."

Question:—From your experience in using the Psychograph, have you any suggestions to make whereby we can make it easier for you?

DORIS:—"As I use this particular instrument I would not have it altered a little bit. As I see it, the greatest necessity for successful results is harmony. You blend remarkably well, there is no boss—forgive my slang, that is the most appropriate word I can think of. You are all equal—no jealousy—that is the greatest draw-back we have to contend with. Again we are treated as living entities, so put at our ease; you sit regularly, another good point that helps. Is there more you wish to ask about our little re-union?"

Question:—Are there any suggestions for others, in order to enable them to use the Psychograph successfully?

DORIS:—"Quiet room such as yours, dim light, not too murky, healthy happy sitters, and cleanliness in all ways. Choice of sitters most important, as one out of sympathy can defeat us all, and bring ridicule on our most earnest workers. Above all keep bright."

Question:—Would any three persons who are in harmony obtain results?

DORIS:—"No! No! No! There are wrong kinds of people. Perhaps all may be positives. You must blend one with another; it is best to have a mixed circle unless the temperaments of sitters is totally opposite."

Question:—Please give us your definition of positive and negative?

DORIS:—"I am overstepping my time, amn't I, so will be brief. Positives are those who attract by power, negatives by receptive qualities. Positives give us power, may be able to 'give off' as you say. They are usually used as batteries for others or healers. Good-night."

If thou are unwilling to suffer, thou refuseth to be crowned. But if thou desirest to be crowned, fight manfully, endure patiently. Without labour there is no rest, nor without fighting can the victory be won.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

* * *

"Ali del Pensiero," Milan, one of the most cultured organs of Spiritualism in the world, contains an Italian translation of our leading article on "Kant and Spiritualism" in its December number, to be followed in January by our supplementary leader on "Kant's Spiritualistic Book." These articles appeared in the *International Psychic Gazette* for May and June, 1933.

Dr. Price : Ancient Druid and Spirit Doctor.

HOW HE PROVED HIS PRESENT EXISTENCE.

BY MARY WINEFRIDE SLATER.

A MOST peaceful retreat amid all the noise and turmoil of the West-End of London, is a small chamber at the top of the Grottrian Hall in Wigmore Street. In this room with its sky blue, star-spangled ceiling and golden walls, the roar and rumble of passing traffic is only dimly discerned. Into its atmosphere of spiritual peace and quiet restfulness comes regularly the spirit of an ancient Druid, who left this earth many long years ago, to heal the sick.

The medium, Mrs. May Bird, gives her untiring services free of charge, and is controlled by him. He is known here as "Dr. Price," but on the Other Side he is called "Star Man," because his emblem is a beautiful star, which is sometimes seen by clairvoyants.

THE DOCTOR'S EXISTENCE CHALLENGED.

I was suffering from rheumatoid arthritis in both knees, and went every Monday afternoon for treatment. On one occasion the pain was more acute than usual, and I was feeling rather disillusioned and sceptical.

"Oh, dismal woe! dismal woe!" Dr. Price said to me, as I seated myself on the chair. "Whatever is the matter now? Your aura has quite collapsed!"

"I am so tired of all 'tests,' Dr. Price," I answered, "I cannot be sure about anything. I am not even convinced that you exist!"

There was an ominous silence, and I feared he was offended.

"Why have you not done as you were told?" he asked, "I said you were to rub your knees with a mixture of paraffin oil and camphor."

"It smells so nasty, Dr. Price," I answered, "I can smell it even when I am asleep."

"You knew I came to you last night," he said, "I rapped twice on that extraordinary thing that hangs over your bed."

"Oh! that is my luminous cross," I explained, "It is made of phosphorous painted on cardboard, and shines in the dark."

"You heard my raps, but you took no notice, and now you tell me that you are not sure if I exist. To-night I shall come again, but don't blame me if I frighten you. Remember I have warned you!"

I said I should be quite pleased to be frightened if it would convince me. I had two things to ponder over on my way home. How did Dr. Price know that I had not carried out his instructions? and how did he know that I had a luminous cross over my bed? It was quite true that I had ignored his raps!

With considerable disgust I used his pungent prescription that night. I went to bed, and turned out the light with misgivings not unmixed with fear. For some time nothing happened, and I fell into an uneasy sleep.

At two o'clock in the morning I awoke with a start, trembling from head to foot. I heard a sound, as if a human body had fallen from a height on to the floor of my room. It was not a harsh noise, but a heavy thud. I turned on the light, and made a careful search of my room to see if anything had fallen. Everything was in order, and there was not a sound in the house.

When I went for my next treatment, I told Dr. Price how much he had alarmed me.

"Well! What was I to do?" he asked. "Gentle raps that would have convinced others did not satisfy you. I warned you! You told me that you doubted my existence. I could not allow that challenge to pass!"

EVIDENCE THROUGH CLAIRVOYANCE.

The following Sunday morning I went to the service at the Grottrian Hall, when Mrs. Bertha Hirst gave clairvoyance. She pointed to me and said: "There is the spirit of a very old man standing beside you. He was a great age when he passed over. He is very tall and thin, and has brown eyes and dark eyebrows. His hair is white; it is thin on the top, but grows thickly at the back and over the ears. He has a white beard which does not grow very long, but looks rather ragged. He passed suddenly after an illness of a few days. He was rather lame and dragged one foot after the other."

"You are receiving treatment from a spirit doctor," she continued, "the message I have to give you is 'Do not despair of your healing; we do not over here.'"

Next day I went as usual for my treatment, and I questioned Dr. Price. "Were you lame in earth life?"

I asked. "No, I cannot exactly say that I was lame," Dr. Price answered. "As I grew older I used to drag one leg after the other."

Mrs. Hirst had walked across the platform very slowly, showing me how the spirit she saw with me had taken a step forward with one foot, dragging the other after it. Dr. Price now walked a few steps in exactly the same way to show me.

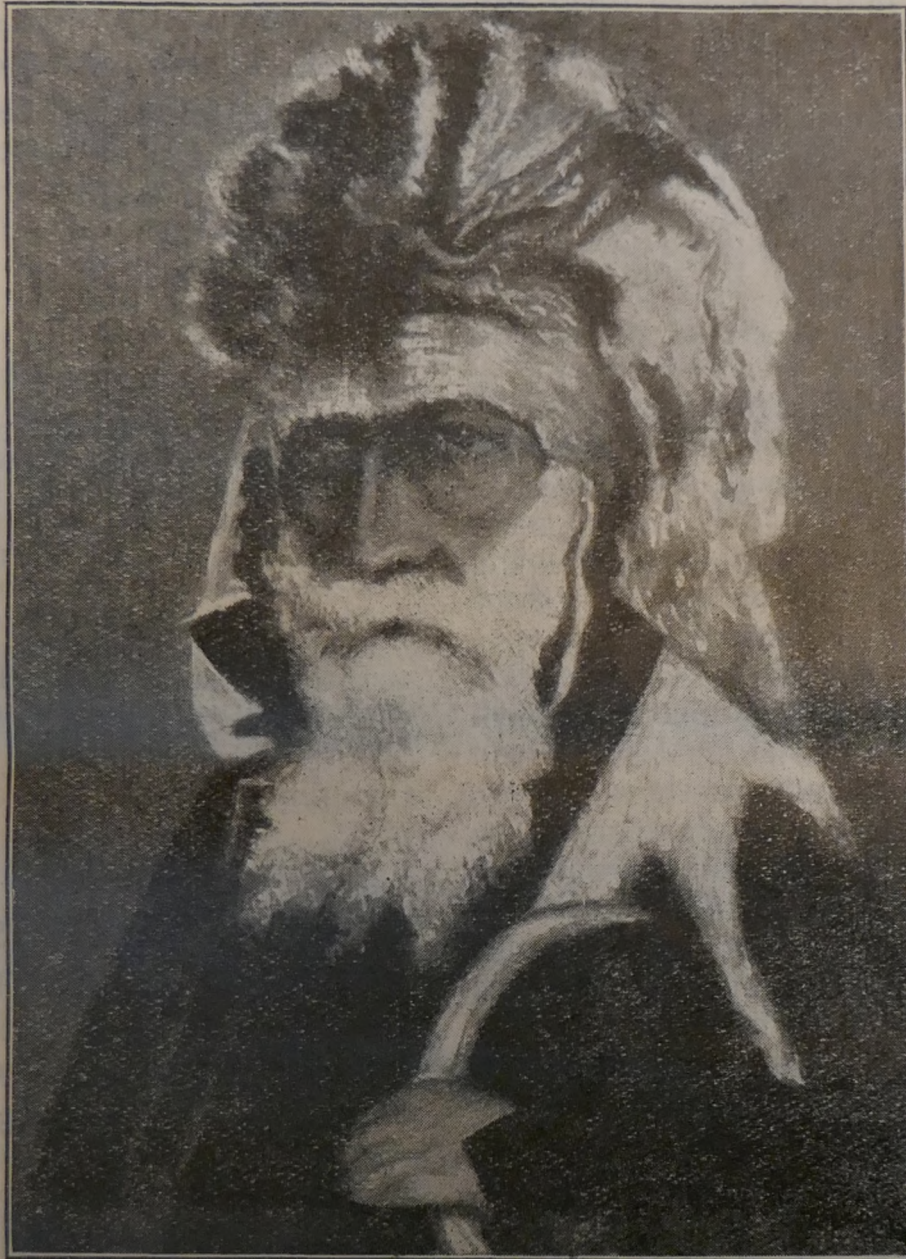
"I lived to be a great age," he continued, "and the end came in a few days. I was paralysed by a stroke." So far the medium was correct.

"Did your hair grow thinly on the top of your head?" I asked, and he told me this was so, owing to the lack of ventilation in a sheepskin cap that he always wore. "My hair grew thickly round the back and sides of my head to make up for it!" added the Doctor.

I then told him how Mrs. Hirst had described him to me, and I asked if he would allow me to write an account of what had happened for a Spiritualist paper. He gave me leave to do so.

All these conversations were listened to with interest by those who attended Dr. Price's healing circles, and many can testify to the truth of what I have written here.

On one occasion I was troubled over an important decision that I had to make. I stood before the



"DR. PRICE."

Sketch by Mrs. Slater from an old print.

wonderful picture that Mr. Frank Leah, the well-known psychic artist, had drawn of the old Druid. "S.O.S., Dr. Price," I cried, "do come and tell me what to do!"

When I went for my next treatment, the first words Dr. Price said to me were: "I got your S.O.S.! I came and you saw me in your room." I admitted I had seen him, and he gave me advice in my difficulty.

I left London shortly afterwards, and returned to

the North of England. Since then I had a letter from a friend who was attending the healing circles. "I have a message for you from Dr. Price," she wrote, "I am to tell you that he has been to see you several times. He wishes you would not be so impatient. You expect your spirit friends to do what you want at once. You must learn to rely more on yourself!"

I hope I shall hear from him again before long telling me that I have improved in that respect.

Marshall Hall's First Experience.

DRAMATIC ANSWER TO SEALED LETTER QUESTION.

EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, in his fascinating "Life of Marshall Hall," published by Victor Gollancz, which was mentioned in this *Gazette* last month, reminds us (writes a correspondent) that before he was forty the famous advocate had leanings towards Spiritualism:

"He certainly believed that he received messages from those for whom he had cared. 'I am only too thankful,' he wrote in 1926, 'that on occasions I have been permitted to receive messages from the other world through the intervention of another. I believe in my heart in the truth of what I state, and to me it has always been a source of great happiness in circumstances of great difficulty.'"

The experience which first convinced him that there is between the two worlds a channel of communication made a deep impression upon him.

On March 10th, 1894, he was staying with his eldest sister, Ada, the wife of Arthur Labouchere, the brother of Henry Labouchere, the celebrated journalist. Mrs. Labouchere had been for some time an intimate friend of Miss Wingfield. On this occasion Miss Wingfield was answering, by automatic writing, questions put to her.

Marshall Hall was sceptical, and it occurred to him that he had the means of testing her powers. He had in his pocket a most unpleasant letter received a day or two before from his elder brother, who had fallen from high prosperity, as a merchant, into poverty, and was living in South Africa on remittances sent to him by Marshall Hall.

For his own protection the money was sent through Archdeacon Gaul. This was strongly resented, and the letter in Marshall Hall's pocket was the culmination of a very unpleasant correspondence on the subject. It was dated February, 1894:

Marshall Hall had said nothing to his sister about this letter. He sealed it in a blank envelope and handed it to Miss Wingfield.

"After some delay, a message was spelt out: 'The writer of this letter is dead? To the question 'When and where did he die?' the answer came 'Yesterday, in South Africa?'"

At the moment, the seance left little impression on Marshall Hall's mind. A fortnight afterwards he received a letter from Archdeacon Gaul with a Kimberley postmark, dated March 5th, giving an account of the sums received and expended on his brother, and asking that, in future, his allowance should be paid through the Standard Bank of South Africa. On March 29th, Marshall Hall wrote to the Archdeacon complying with his request.

On April 2nd, he received a second letter from the Archdeacon, bearing the Kimberley postmark of March 8th. It ran:

"Dear Sir.—I little thought when I wrote last week that I should have this week the melancholy duty laid on me of informing you of the death of your brother, which occurred yesterday."

Marshall Hall's brother was found on March 8th dead in his bed. The message received through Miss Wingfield on March 10th stated that the writer of the letter died in South Africa 'yesterday.' "But, even with this slight discrepancy," is the author's comment, "it was a very strange experience."

One incident may be mentioned, says the author, because it shows that Marshall Hall at this time (before his career at the Bar began) was still set on a clerical future, and because it was one of the experiences which made him superstitious. His fortune was told by a Mr. Ellis, and he made a contemporary note of it in his diary:

"Mr. Ellis told all our fortunes. Mine was: 'Marry in a year. New career, influenced by an elderly man for good. Bitter female enemy. My first marriage opposed by my friends, and also lady's friends, who don't think me good enough.'

'And, finally, after much travelling about, I am to settle down, lose my wife tragically, and marry again. The cards also predicted that I was never to be ordained. This I don't believe, as I hope my mind is firmly set in that direction.'"

This forecast was, unhappily and very strangely, remarks the author, near the truth.

* * *

WHAT IS GOD?

BISHOP WESTCOTT, in his book on the Epistles of Saint John, answers this great question thus:—

(1) GOD IS SPIRIT.

The statement obviously refers to the Divine nature, and not to the Divine personality. The parallel phrases (God is Light and God is Love) are a sufficient proof of this. God is not "a spirit," as one of many, but "Spirit." As Spirit, He is absolutely raised above all limitations of succession (time and space), into which all thoughts of change and transitoriness are resolved.

(2) GOD IS LIGHT.

The statement again is absolute as to the Nature of God, and not as to His actions (not "a light," or "the light of men"). The phrase express unlimited self-communication, diffusiveness. Light is, by shining; darkness alone abounds.

And, further, the communication of light is of that which is pure and glorious. Such is God toward all finite being, the condition of life and action. He reveals himself through the works of creation, which reflect His perfections in a form answering to the powers of man, and yet God is not to be fully comprehended by man as He is.

(3) GOD IS LOVE.

In this declaration the idea of "personality" is first revealed, and, in the case of God, necessarily of a self-sufficing personality. The idea of God is not only that of an unlimited self-communication, but a self-communication which calls out and receives a response, which requires the recognition not only of glory but of goodness. And this love is original and not occasional. It corresponds to the innermost nature of God, and finds its source in Him, and not in man. It is not like the love which is called out in the finite by the sense of imperfection, but is the expression of perfect benevolence.

Abduhl Latif :

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING INCIDENTS IN. MR. R. H. SAUNDER'S RECORDS.

ABDUHL LATIF, the Persian physician, who lived many centuries ago, and has returned "to give healing to the world"—his own words—astonished me the other day (writes a correspondent) when, speaking through Miss Francis at the British College of Psychic Science, he mentioned an unusual remedy, and gave me the name and the address of the chemists through whom it is to be obtained.

I found the name, the address and the medicine absolutely correct. How did Abduhl know this medicine, which had been prescribed only within the last hundred years, and how did he know the name and address of the chemists who supply it.

I wrote to Mr. R. H. Saunders, through whom Abduhl does so much of his beneficent work, to ask if he could throw any light upon this question. He replied that the prescription forms one of the most interesting incidents in his records of diagnoses:

"In the many hundreds of cases I submit to Abduhl, he recommends here and there one form or other—and there are twelve forms in all—of this particular remedy. I had never heard of it before, and I asked Abduhl about it. 'You can obtain it,' he said, 'at ———' (naming certain homeopathic chemists, and giving their address, and the actual number in the street in the West End of London.) And Abduhl added the explanation that the chemist who introduced this remedy 'is here with me now; I find him interesting.'"

How interesting to know that in the group working with Abduhl is an English chemist, who, in London, in the last century, specialised in the remedies of biochemistry.

THE HEALING POWER WITHIN US.

Abduhl, in prescribing this medicine, dwelt on the power that is within us to heal ourselves, and pointed out that as we grow into greater consciousness, that which at one time affected the physical body has less influence upon it.

On the subject of communication with our friends in the Beyond he made the significant statement, that "what we have to realise is that, as we are spirit nothing can come between us and those with whom we are in sympathy—nothing that can come between you and those who inspire you."

To those born under the influence of Leo, whose vitality is specially dependent upon the sun, he said that in these days of winter they must visualise the sun. "Remember," he said, "it never sets with you; it is ever bright; day and night you have the sun with you."

And he added the biographical note that, in addition to his other activities in the earth life he was also an astrologer. "If we only understood ourselves by the stars," he said, "we should be able to live with greater accuracy."

G. R. SIMS AND OTHER CELEBRITIES.

George R. Sims spoke at the same sitting for the first time through Miss Francis; and, although Abduhl thought it might be necessary to help him a little, he had no difficulty in speaking as clearly as he has ever done. He talked of Irving, of Ellen Terry, of Tenny-

son, of Quex, of Northcliffe, of Conan Doyle, and of Haig, all of whom he meets in the spirit world.

Irving, he said, "wants to bring back to this generation of yours, and to the younger generation, that greater beauty and that finer understanding of art which somehow seems to be so lacking."

"I was talking with Ellen the other day," he went on to say. "She would like to inspire her young niece, Phyllis, and I believe she could do it if Phyllis would really give her mind to it."

Tennyson tells him that he cannot find anyone to inspire. "It is not our day," was Sims' comment. "It is the day for engineering and electricity—a mechanical age—but the day for the literary and artistic world is coming again, and is not so far ahead."

Conan Doyle, he said, is "going to give the world something really fine later on, but he wants time to think things over."

"We have got a great help here in Haig," Sims went on to say. "He is a most sympathetic man, and he understands the people whom we never touch. He has been doing a great work amongst his men."

Sims himself is working with a number of others. "We go," he said, "to councils and meetings, just the same as in the old days, and we are striving to find the key which will really open the doors for greater work to help the many."

"To get in contact with your world, it is occasionally necessary for me to speak through a medium, but with some—why, as you know very well, you have only to listen quietly and you can hear me. Fundamentally we are all one, we are one in spirit, and if we can only understand that, I think it would solve many a difficult question."

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HOW SPIRITUALISM HAS REHABILITATED THE BIBLE.

THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, the celebrated Marylebone preacher, to whom great statesmen used to listen on Sunday morning with delight, once said in an address to the London Spiritualist Alliance:—

"People now believe in the Bible because of Spiritualism; they do not believe in Spiritualism because of the Bible. . . ."

"Take up your Bible and you will find that there is not a single phenomenon which is recorded there which does not occur at seances to-day. Whether it be lights, sounds, the shaking of the house, the coming through closed doors, the mighty rushing winds, levitation, automatic writing, the speaking in tongues, we are acquainted with all these phenomena; they occur every day in London as well as in the Acts of the Apostles. . . ."

"It is incontestable that such things do occur, that in the main the phenomena of Spiritualism are reliable and happen over and over again, under test conditions in the presence of witnesses; and the similar phenomena are recorded in the Bible, which is for our learning."

"It is not an opinion, not a theory, but a fact. There is chapter and verse for it, and this is what has rehabilitated the Bible. The clergy ought to be very grateful to Spiritualism for this, for they could not have done it themselves. They tried, but they failed."

The Snow Wraith.

A PSYCHIC TALE BY WILL CARLOS.

LEWIS was a lame pedlar, of about sixty years. He travelled in the Welsh valleys with woollen goods. He was a plain, simple, earnest man, with eyes that looked you straight in the face, and which displayed his indomitable spirit. He, his wife, and family—composed of one son and two daughters—were all more or less psychic, and anyone mediumistic was ever a welcome visitor at their little cottage on the hill-side.

One afternoon in January, Reuben Lloyd, who had the psychic gift, called on business, and as it was a cold bitter day the family insisted that he should stay to tea, seeing he had practically completed his round.

About four o'clock snow began to fall in fine feathery flakes. It soon grew denser, and an icy wind blew it into drifts, which filled up the gaps in the hillside, and made the roads dangerous for unwary pedestrians.

The cottage was about two hundred yards from the high road, and the path to it was unlit.

The household began to feel some anxiety about the father, who was out in the storm, because of his lameness, and also for Teddy, the son, because his way home from the coal-mine ran alongside a railway track for about a mile before he could reach the high road. However, Mrs. Lewis, naturally a brave woman, put a cheerful face on the matter, and presided at the tea-table, where a great dish of toast, which the girls had prepared, was ready for their consumption.

They talked about some of their recent experiences. The younger girl, Lizzie, was cutting some slices of toast into halves when the knife was apparently knocked out of her hand, and fell with a clatter on the stone floor. All were surprised, and Lizzie said it was a shock of some sort, which momentarily paralysed her hand. "Something's going to happen, mam," she said.

"Don't bother, girl, it's your nerves," remarked the mother, as she refilled the cups.

"What time do you expect Mr. Lewis home?" asked the guest.

"He generally catches the 4.30 train," she replied, "and gets here about six o'clock on the short days."

"He will be about catching it now then," said the visitor, consulting his watch.

Here a spoon slipped to the floor. "Is the old house bewitched?" asked Mrs. Lewis, amused, "it's queer that things should fall like that."

"Perhaps our unseen friends are about," said Mary, the elder daughter, "It may be a warning."

"Perhaps so, indeed," assented the mother. "Try if you can get us a message, Mr. Lloyd." This to their guest.

Thereupon all suspended their tea, while the medium tried to get into touch with the unseen.

Presently he said, "I can see Mr. Lewis; he is all right. He is getting into the train; he is coming home."

Just then, Lizzie's hand began to quiver and shake. "Mam, I think they want to write," she exclaimed. Mary opened a drawer in the

table, and got out a sheet of paper and a pencil. Lizzie took up the pencil, which immediately scrawled something indecipherable. "Write plainer, friend," requested Mrs. Lewis.

"Snow gets heavier . . . stop trucks . . . boy home soon," was written. "That means Teddy," said the mother.

The writing continued, "Father coming; train late; go down to old tree; nasty fall; save him." And then the pencil was thrown down.

They finished their meal in silence, and thirty minutes later the son arrived vigorously shaking the snow from his garments. "Hello Teddy, you're early," said his mother.

"It was 'stop trucks,'" he said, "and we couldn't work longer." He greeted Mr. Lloyd warmly, and said, "You'll have to be careful how you go down the slope, I slipped as it was."

Mr. Lloyd said that as he hadn't far to go he would wait until the father was safely home.

Teddy had his tea, and all chatted amicably together until it was about six o'clock.

"I'll just run down to see if father is in sight," said Teddy, as he put on his overcoat and hat.

Lloyd offered to accompany him, but Teddy said he could manage quite well alone. Luckily the cottage had its back to the wind, so that the snow was piled on the other side of the path. Teddy hurried off, and the others waited anxiously.

Half-an-hour passed, and Teddy had not returned. "I must go and see," said Mr. Lloyd. The girls wrapped thick shawls around them, and with Lloyd descended the path warily until they reached the bend where an old gnarled tree stood like a sentinel.

There was no sign either of Teddy or his father. They were about to turn back when Lizzie heard a "voice" shout "further down by the old wall."

They went on another thirty yards down the path, and there they came on Teddy trying to lift someone out of the snow. Between them they soon cleared the drift at the spot, and found the old father numbed but alive, and clinging fast to his pack of flannels. He had fallen into a deep drift, but so awkwardly that he was unable to get up without help. He was able to walk home with the men's assistance, and was soon seated comfortably at the fireside in his accustomed armchair.

When Lizzie told her father about the "voice" that directed them, he said, "Yes, that would be my mother, for I saw her floating around me when I was lying helpless in the snow."

SPIRITUALIST CHURCHES AND SOCIETIES not yet receiving a monthly parcel of the *International Psychic Gazette*, the Journal that has championed the Cause of Honest Mediums for over twenty years, should communicate with the Circulation Manager, I.P.G. Office, 69 High Holborn, W.C.1.

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W. Loftus Hare : Student of Religions.

INTERVIEW BY AN OLD FRIEND.

IN taking the air I sometimes meet Mr. W. LOFTUS HARE in the historic precincts of Grays Inn, upon whose quiet gardens he looks from his office window. He has now an additional outlook, almost as pleasant, from the beautiful Adam's home at 17 Bedford Square. It was here I had converse with him the other afternoon on the subject of Religion and his life-long study of it.

"Tell me, please," I said to him, "something about this new 'Society for Promoting the Study of Religions' which occupies these charming rooms and this spacious library? What are the activities you carry on here, and with what success?"

"Well," replied my learned friend, "must I begin at the beginning, or in the middle of the story; or will the final phases satisfy you?"

"Nothing would please me better than to sit by your blazing fire and listen to the tune of your melodious voice," I replied, "Pray begin at the beginning—if that be significant."

"I think you will find it so," replied my friend, casting a thoughtful glance back into his memory. Without doubt my presence at this desk can be traced to the days of my childhood, when I began the study of religion with an intense interest in the Bible; then I passed on to learn all about the ancient races in the Bible, and the gods of the different nations. But it was not until I was blossoming into manhood that I came into thrilling contact with the writings of Leo Tolstoy, of whom I became a strong adherent. It was a pamphlet of his, named *Stop and Think*, that introduced me to the first great figure in Comparative Religion."

"And who was that?"

"Old Lao-tze, the Chinese sage, riding on his yak! Yes, I was held in this old man's grip, and read him up in the English translations, until I passed on to Confucius, Buddha, and the rest."

"Did you become a professed Tolstoyan?"

"I believe I did; we young Tolstoyans believed that we could build up a perfect code of religious conduct from Tolstoy and get people to follow it. We found in him all the ethical propositions of the various religions, in short, a sort of 'comparative morality for the guidance of the world.'"

"And how long did that last, may I ask?"

"I realised in time that we did not go deep enough. While we were rightly concerned with ethics we were neglecting that aspect of life and religion which is something deeper than ethics, which is really the ground out of which ethics arise."

"How did you discover your mistake?"

"I cannot say it was by accident, but rather by a happy coincidence. A friend lent me that most remarkable book *Cosmic Consciousness*, by Dr. R. M. Bucke. Then, for the first time I realised that Religion was the "something deeper" than moral excellence and ethical endeavour. And immediately afterwards came that revolutionary book *Varieties of Religious Experience*, by William James. These two books drove me to realise that Religion is not chiefly what one believes, but what one feels. It is experience which rises from a level of life which lies hidden in

the spiritual world. I worked on this vein below the surface of worldly things for many years, and made myself acquainted with the writings of the chief mystics and philosophers."

"And what was the next phase?"

"I joined the Theosophical Society about 1906, and made myself useful in its Department of Comparative Religion. In fact, during the war I was made 'Director of Studies,' and into that work I threw myself with ardour and interest."

"Did you become a hundred per cent Theosophist?"

"According to the declared three objects of the Society, yes; but from the point of view of those who concerned themselves with side-lines and new cults, I was regarded as something of a heretic. I fear I gave my Theosophical friends a good deal of trouble by criticising some claims made by the leaders, especially in regard to the so-called Messiahship of the youth Krishnamurti."

As it turns out, I was right; though for the time being I was defeated. Also, I opposed the alliance between the T.S. and the Liberal Catholic Church, with its bevy of newly-made priests and bishops."

"And have your old Theosophical friends forgiven you?"

"I feel sure they have. Those were great and stormy days, but I have survived the waves and billows which nearly overwhelmed me."

"And now you are sailing in smooth waters?"

"Yes, in 1925, with the indispensable help of many distinguished friends I took part in organising a Conference of Living Religions. It was a great success, and led to the new Society for Promoting the Study of Religions, in whose rooms we now sit. Look at our programme of lectures by the finest scholars of the day; here is our Journal of Transactions with verbatim reports of fifty lectures which, I venture to say, will provide any-

one with material for study for years to come."

"And how far do you expect your researches to go?"

"On to the end—which is over the horizon of our present knowledge."

"Do you include Spiritualism in your curriculum?"

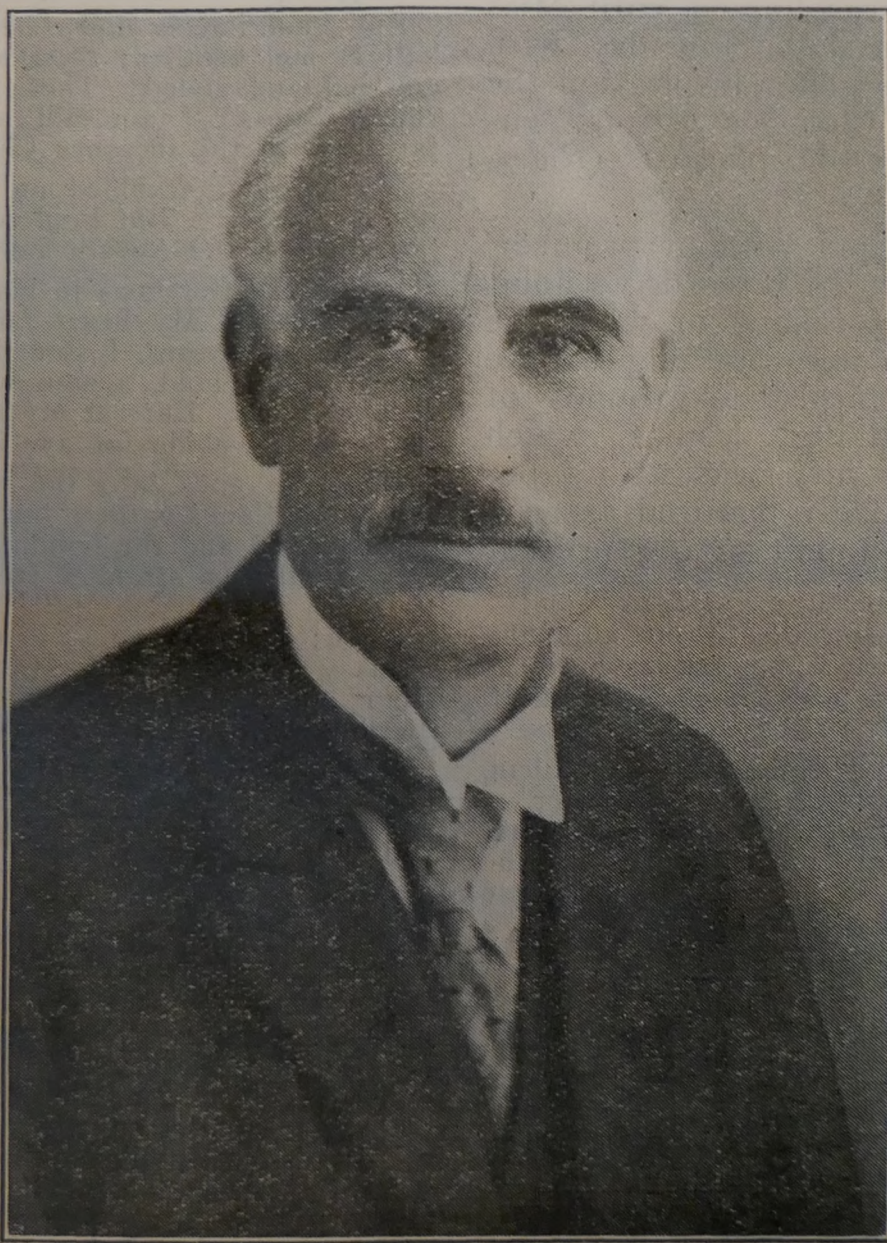
"We include every form of religion, ancient and modern, and as a matter of fact we have in our next programme a place for Spiritualism."

"May I ask your personal view of this subject which, as you know, interests me deeply?"

"Our Society has as yet no official creed, and I am not entitled to give a pronouncement. Nevertheless, I do not mind saying that I believe your interests are deeply important, and I can conceive nothing more helpful than a valid contribution from your direction towards a general understanding of the value of the spiritual world."

"Can you in a sentence indicate your ultimate aim in this important work?"

"Perhaps *hope* is a better word than *aim*. If we are true to our progressive principles we may in due time arrive at some really satisfactory philosophy of religion; we may learn more surely what religion really is; and perhaps will take our share in the emergence of purer and more helpful forms of religious culture than at present obtain." Meanwhile we study.



W. LOFTUS HARE.

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69, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

St. Paul and His Father.

WE propose to tell the pathetic story of the Apostle Paul and his father. It has just been rescued from the hidden past, and is now being told as a tale of yesterday, though its heroes lived and died 1,900 years ago. Paul's father is not even mentioned in the Bible, and neither his name nor anything else about him was known until Miss Geraldine Cummins sat down one day with pencil and pad to write under inspiration the third of her series of "Cleophas Scripts," entitled "The Great Days of Ephesus" (*Rider, 7/6 net*).

She writes these scripts without premeditation at a speed of over 2,000 words an hour. She knows nothing beforehand of what she is about to set down, nor anything of the historical and geographical backgrounds of the stories. Yet stirring dramas which happened when Christianity was at its beginning are being as vividly pictured as on a screen for the enlightenment of our present times.

The story of Paul and his father is one of many in this new volume, and we summarise it here, as far as possible in the words of "Cleophas" himself, Miss Cummins' inspirer:—

Paul has just returned from Ephesus to Jerusalem, and goes on a visit to Tarsus to see his old father.

"Haran was now of great age, and Paul hoped that the years would have softened his bitterness, that he would revoke the sentence of banishment, the curse that he had laid upon his son (when he became a Christian), and receive him once again.

"Paul held his father very dear. No other man or woman stirred the same tenderness in his soul. Since the time of the vision on the road to Damascus he had prayed daily that the old man should lose the spirit of the hostile Pharisee, and come to know and love Christ. And now the saint believed the hour was at hand when his prayer would be answered."

Paul first calls upon his married sister, Deborah, and reveals his purpose. She says sorrowfully—"Our father will not see thee. According to his belief, thou art in league with Beelzebub. He holds that thou seekest to destroy the faith of our fathers. Unless thou dost put from thee thy belief in Jesus, he will not receive thee in his dwelling. Thy heritage will be given to my husband if thou remainest steadfast to this matter. The wealth that should be thine will, after our father's death, pass into the hands of another."

Paul answers that he cannot barter his faith in Christ for gold, but—

Deborah pleads:—"Our father waiteth patiently for thee. He goeth not abroad, and each new day he sayeth unto me, 'Paul will come before sunset. The wanderer will return before mine eyes are closed to the light of the heavens.' Every night when the sun is gone and darkness doth hedge us in once more, he saith unto me, 'Paul, my beloved, did not come to-day. Peradventure the Lord will lead him to his father's dwelling on the morrow. Tell him all will be forgiven if he turneth his back on this Jesus of Nazareth, and embraceth once more the faith of our race."

Deborah subtly tempts her brother to yield, entreating him to deny Christ only for the season of their father's life. The old man would die before another harvest was gathered by the reapers.

Paul wrestles through the night with this tempta-

tion, for his filial love is great, and an hour before dawn he yields to it. He tells Deborah he is ready to fulfil his father's demands, but she must first obtain for him the old man's pardon.

She goes off on this mission and Paul wanders forth into the quiet streets where he meets an old beggar, who pulls at his robe and asks for his blessing. The old man says to him:—"I was a wealthy merchant when thou didst bear the tidings of Christ to Tarsus. I sought only my pleasure. I sinned all day long. But thy words roused me from the sleep of death; thy preaching caused me to give all my riches to others, so that I should be as Christ without earthly treasure, possessing the treasure of heaven alone. . . . So I possess naught, and now am old and feeble and beg for bread, while suffering from a sore disease. Yet peace and joy are mine. I mourn not my lost treasure. I live in Christ and for Christ alone. I would not barter the knowledge of Jesus, nor the service He asketh of me, for the riches and the health of my youth. I seek only thy blessing and thy prayers, for thou hast by thy words and thine example, illumined all my life."

But Paul kneels down before the beggar, saying, "Bless me, brother; thou art holy. Beside thee I am evil and soiled. Thou hast attained to perfect righteousness. I am still a sinner who has fallen far short of the measure Christ laid down for men."

The beggar is troubled and amazed, and says, "Nay, not so, master." But Paul constrains him, compelling him to bless the Apostle he revered.

Paul thereafter goes to his father's house and says to his sister, "My heart failed me. Because of my love for my father, I sinned against my God in my soul. But, behold, a sign was given me and I was shamed by it. Entreat my father to receive his son, for I cannot abide for aye in this banishment."

Deborah goes into the house to plead with her father for Paul's pardon, but she comes not out again. The steward and the bondmen come out instead, and drive Paul as a stranger from the house. Paul says to them, "Tell Saul, the Elder, that I am no more his son; and that so long as life lasts I shall serve Jesus who is verily the Christ." He then stumbles from out the court, departing from his father's dwelling with a body that was bent as a bow, with limbs that scarce could bare him thence. And young Pharisees, sent by the rulers, leap out upon Paul and give him many stripes, calling him vile names and showing no mercy.

* * *

Paul and his father, thus rudely parted by their different religions, never met again on earth, but months afterwards when Paul was at Philippi, in the night time while he slept, someone touched him on the shoulder, and it was as if some wild bird stroked the sleeper with its wings. And behold light came in the midst of the chamber, and he perceived within it the angel who had visited him in past times of need and tribulation. The angel signed to him to remain in stillness, and from out the enveloping night came a bearded ancient, one who was as like unto Paul as are two apples that do hang upon the same bough. Paul looked upon the face of his father and he perceived that the light of fierce anger had left it, and that the old man was trying to call him once more by the dear name of his youth. As Paul raised his hands in greeting, the shape of the dead, with a smile that signified forgiveness, did slowly fade away.

* * *

"Thus death blotteth out enmity, and it may be the one sure comforter and friend that draweth together the first and the second generation, the father and the son who have parted in bitterness, seemingly for ever."

* * *

J. L.

I would have you cultivate a gentle, sincere courtesy which offends no one, but wins everybody; never jesting at the expense of another.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards—they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we grow and wax strong, or we grow and wax weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.—*Bishop Westcott.*

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense. And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence.—*Pope.*

LIFE STORIES FROM THE ANCIENT PAST.

AS PSYCHICALLY TOLD TO RICHARD PHILLIPS.

ALAMEEL, ANANEEL, RACHEL, CALONA, BELTHASAR, MESACH, ABALÉ, MESUIT.

"These Oriental Biographies are very convincing."—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

IN continuing these brief autobiographical sketches by Eastern spirits, some of whom lived in "times out of mind," we think it well to tell our new readers by whom and in what manner they were received. Mr. Richard Phillips was one of the most sensitive and sympathetic automatists ever known in the Spiritualist movement, and during his latter days crowds of ancient spirits invaded his fireside to have the pleasure of communicating, for the first time, with old Mother Earth since they left it thousands of years ago. They told briefly the stories of their earth-life with simple charm and without affectation. And these ring true, and tell us not only of forgotten times and races, but also of life in the Beyond, revealing certain phases not hitherto suspected; for example, that maidens who had died young or lost their true loves by death, found married bliss and harmony in heaven, "for here," as one says, "we make no mistakes in the choice of partners."

Mr. Phillips himself told us that he was entirely passive and normal when he was receiving these stories. He did not know who was going to write until they announced themselves, or were announced by the Guardian of the Gate or Doorkeeper, a friendly spirit who decided who should come and who not. He had a succession of these Doorkeepers during twenty years. His hand would begin to write, and the story would continue through the activity of his impressional faculty. Oftenest the spirits communicated direct, but sometimes they made use of an intermediary. For example, several said, "I am writing this by the hand of the Greek lady, Callimaché." This lady was a Greek by parentage, but lived in Rome in the time of the bad Emperors. At first she wrote in Latin, but afterwards in English, and she interpreted for most of the foreign spirits who made use of other tongues.

XVI.—STORY OF ALAMEEL, THE BABYLONIAN.

COME to the Garden of God, that He has planted for the soul of man! I am from the land of ancient Babylonia, where the great river flows.

There in the days of my flesh I served the gods of my people, in the days of my ignorance. I knew that there were powers greater than man, who had power to help men. I dwelt beside the great river, which was the life of the land.

My days were three score and four. Then I passed from the world as thou seest it, and became one of the spirit people. I lived to see my children's children, and found peace and content. **Now I have risen above all earthly things**, and desire not the life of men, who seek things that profit them but little, and weary themselves in vain pursuits.

Turn thy thoughts to the things that cannot pass away. The life of thy people is not as the life of mine, and things we knew not thou knowest. But we bore our burdens and walked by the light we had, and thou canst not do otherwise. I thank thee.

Peace be to thee, and strength from the Highest!
—ALAMEEL.

XVII.—STORY OF ANANEEL, THE SON OF JOSHUA.

BLESSED be the Only God! I am one who dwelt in the Land of Israel, when my people were yet a nation.

I lived in the days when the Persian power was

still great, and I knew that the Greeks would overthrow it, and seize the countries they ruled. For **I had the gift of foreseeing**, and I lived till I had four-score years and three years, and saw my children's children, and fell sick and died, and came to this life. I knew there was another life before me, but not well did I know the names thereof. My name is Ananeel, the son of Joshua, who was the son of Amariah, who went into captivity into Babylon.

Peace be with thee! for I know that thou hast sought to know the truth of matters concerning my people, and thou has been told right things, and things thou mayest trust. Now I leave thee.

XVIII.—STORY OF RACHEL, OF JERICHO.

MAY a total stranger to you be allowed to hold a brief conversation with you? I am a lady of the ancient city of palm-trees—Jericho.

I lived there, I was born there, and I died there. This was in the days when the Arabs were proclaiming their new faith—"There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." I was of the house of Israel, and my father was not willing to become a convert, so he was put to the sword with many others. I escaped by hiding. I was then fourteen years old.

After the Arabs had left, those who had hidden came forth, and beheld the work of the Arabs, and saw those who had perished. Most of the people accepted the law of Mohammed. Some of my relatives had done so. My mother and myself and another daughter went to live with these, and we came to be like them, and forsook the faith of our fathers. It was not very different from what we had been taught, but the Koran was not like our Scriptures.

When I was seventeen I was married to a good man, and I lived happily with him till I died. I fell sick when twenty-five and died. I had two children. My husband had another wife before me, but we lived in peace, for why should we quarrel?

I saw Jerusalem the Holy several times as a child, and after my marriage. We knew about the Christians, but we did not think that Jesus was our Messiah, as he did not save us.

My name was Rachel, my father's name was Abel, and my mother's Calah. I saw the Roman soldiers, and heard their language spoken, but I did not understand it. My husband was a Jew who had turned Mohammedan, but he still cherished the Hebrew faith.

Let me come again!

XIX.—STORY OF CALONA, THE NINEVITE.

HAIL, friend! I am Calona, the Assyrian lady. I am from the city you call Nineveh. I will tell you what king was reigning when I lived.

Nebuchadnezzar was king in Babylon, the second of that name. Assyria was then subject to Babylon. It was a great and beautiful city. My father was ——. Please tell me the name you give to the man who writes the history of a people? My father, then, was the historian of the kings of Assyria. He wrote several books. His name was Belthasar. The books have been destroyed. He will tell you himself. My father tells me to tell you he thinks he could write some of these histories again. May I bring him? He will be here to-morrow.

I am far happier now than when I lived on the earth. The Greek lady is writing this for me. May I bring my brother when I come next time?

My thought is to tell you how I found the new life, on which I entered at death. When I found that I was out of my body I thought I should be taken before the gods, but I did not see any of them. Instead, I found my friends waiting to take me away.

They suitably arrayed me, for I was quite nude, and told me to be glad that I had left all the sorrow of the world behind. They explained what I was to do, and made me feel easy in my mind. I believed in a life after death, but did not know what it would be.

I have not seen any of the gods I worshipped, nor do I expect to. I believe in one God, the framer and fashioner of the whole. No longer do we look for help to the gods of our fathers. **We reverence the one high God, who made all things and sustains all things.** But we have never seen Him, nor do we expect to.

But we have seen spirits great and glorious, who are far higher than ourselves, and greater in power than the gods we once worshipped. **We know they were once beings like ourselves, who have attained to this height.** We do not worship them. They, like ourselves, worship the great invisible Being, who works unperceived. When I bring my brother he will tell you more than I can. Farewell!

XX.—STORY OF BELTHASAR, CALONA'S FATHER.

I BELTHASAR, greet thee, O man of the Western Island, whereof I knew nothing and heard nothing in the days of my earthly career.

But now I have sought out and learned much about it, and I have discovered that thy people are greater than were mine when their power was at its height, and now bear rule over those who dwell to the East of us, who came not under our sway.

How shall I tell thee of the things that pertain to the Spirit? Many have come to thee and essayed to tell thee and have failed. Why should I add yet another to the list? Let it suffice thee that this life is better than the best that thou art able to imagine. All that thy heart craveth shall be thine, and more also. Set thy mind on the Highest, and thou shalt be satisfied. Vain, oftentimes, are the desires and ambitions of men, and when realised bring not content.

Now I depart, and may the peace of the Highest abide with thee for ever!

XXI.—STORY OF MESACH, CALONA'S BROTHER.

I AM Mesach, the brother of Calona. My father has just talked with thee.

I was killed in battle. I was fighting against the people of the North. I was led to the place of my people here, who taught me the things I was to do. My years were thirty and seven. I lived in the city of Mardok. I was older than my sister. I found no gods when I came here, and my astonishment was great.

Let me try again. This being the first time, I find it difficult to communicate with you. I, Mesach, have written this by the hand of the lady of Greece. Callimaché. Farewell!

XXII.—ABALE, CALONA'S FRIEND.

I AM Abalé, a woman of ancient Assyria. I am the friend of Calona and Belthasar.

Great was my wonder when they told me of thee, and I have long desired to write through thee. When thou beholdest me, thou shalt know of a truth that we are none other than we claim to be.

In my life on earth I was a priestess in the temple of Ishtar, the goddess of the Children of Asshur. But I found, on coming to this life, that I had worshipped an imagination of the human mind, for our gods were the creation of men's minds.

I lived till I was three years and thirty, having served in the temple since I was fourteen. I lived in times when Asshur was a great nation, lord of Asia. My duties were to attend to the services in the temple, to receive the offerings of the worshippers; and I was held in great honour among my people.

If thou desirest I will come again and tell thee more.

XXIII.—STORY OF MESUIT, THE EGYPTIAN.

I WANT to write. I have been asking your guardian to let me. I have been several times to see you. I am a little girl, who lived in Egypt long ago.

I died when I was only fourteen, and I come to you like that now, but when I am with my friends I am a woman. I want to tell you my name. It was Mesuit. I came with Maletu. I hope you will let me come sometimes.

When I came here first I was too young to know what had happened to me. I was ill only a few days, and I thought I had been carried somewhere in my sleep, but I did not know where I was. My life was a happy one, and I grieved very much that I was no longer able to live with my parents as before, but I soon found that I was among good people, and grew content and happy, for I was but a child, and soon found delight in my new home. I lived in the times when the kings were of our own race, before the foreigners came.

* * *

I am Mesuit, the daughter of Aletes and Amentep. I was here with Maletu. It was he who first told me of thee. I want to tell you about my life here. I was but a child when I came here, and I did not at first think I should ever be happy, but I soon became reconciled to my new life, and found that it had possibilities of happiness far beyond anything I could have hoped for had I still been on the earth.

I grew up to womanhood, and became the wife of a beautiful young man of my nation, and we lived in perfect harmony, for here we make no mistakes in the choice of partners, as we are able to read the character quite plainly. I lived in a beautiful house with a beautiful garden, and had all that my heart desired.

I felt that I should not have been so happy below, and the thought of the unhappy lives that many lived began to awaken in me a strong desire to help them. I felt that I was selfish, and that I ought to do something to better the condition of the less fortunate. Therefore, in concert with my partner, **I began to take an interest in mortal affairs, and studied to understand them,** for this was necessary seeing that I had been removed so early from the earth-life.

In helping others I felt a pleasure before unknown, and entered with zeal and ardour into the work. I was often saddened by the spectacle of troubles which I could not remove, for our power of intervening in mortal affairs is not like yours, but I was often filled with delight when I perceived my efforts bearing fruit.

This work did not occupy all my time. We cannot remain long at a time in your lower states. All the time I was growing in knowledge, and qualifying myself for advancement into the higher states. When we have learnt all things that pertain to one state we move up into a higher. Some are quicker to learn than others and pass up much earlier.

Let me cease now! I feel that I have little power left, but I will come again and tell thee more.

To be continued.

* * *

WHATEVER THE YEAR SHALL BRING US.

Whatever the year shall bring us
Of weal or woe,
Father, Thy love will keep us,
We know, we know.

If grief and sorrow the portion
Thy promise blest:
"My Presence shall journey with thee,"
Our souls shall rest.

No night of pain, but thereafter
The soothing balm;
No storm, but there follows surely
A tranquil calm.

So whatever the year shall bring us
We whisper low—
Father, Thy love will keep us,
We know, we know.

ANNIE M. MARCIL

* * *

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—*Phillips Brooks.*

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James Coates, of Rothesay.

BY J. MILLOTT SEVERN, F.B.P.S., BRIGHTON.

Mr. James Coates, the venerable Rothesay phrenologist, passed to the higher life at on December 5th, at the age of ninety years. He was well and widely known as an active propagandist of Spiritualism, and was the author of some notable books and pamphlets on various aspects of the subject.

JAMES COATES was born at Belfast on September 15th, 1843. His father was a Justice of the Peace and High Sheriff for the County of Longford; his mother was a lady of much refinement. His younger brother was a Cambridge M.A. and 5th Wrangler. His sister married a Professor in a London college.

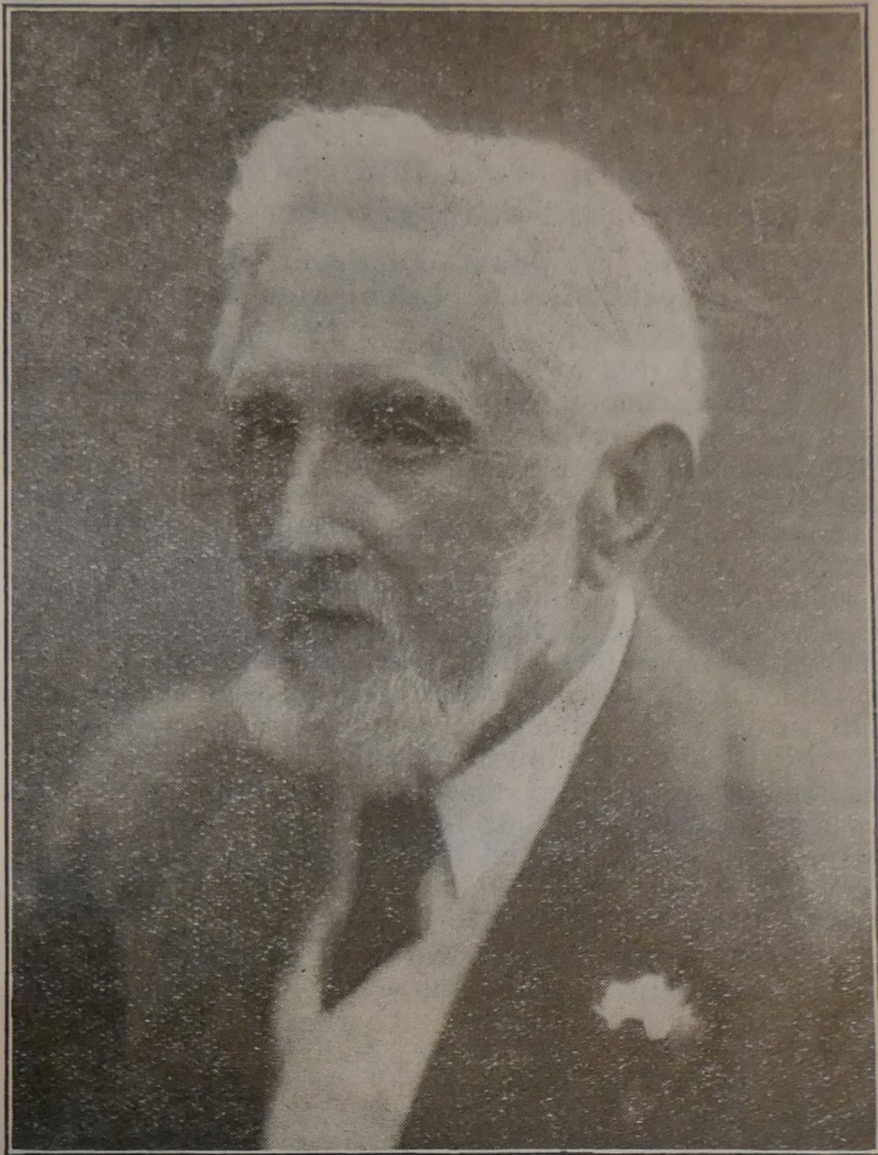
Although delicate in childhood, and unable to walk until three years of age, he grew up active, healthy, restless. He was educated partly at home and at Rosemary Academy, Dundee, and went to business, but disliking the confinement he became a purser on a Red Star liner in 1861, and a year later was in the United States Army at Fort Hallock, Norfolk, Virginia, on the borders of the great Dismal Swamp.

As a prisoner of war at Richmond, U.S.A., he worked as hospital sergeant, superintendent nurse, and compounder of drugs—without pay; but prison life was as irksome to his restless nature as indoor business, and he succeeded in escaping, when he became a Confederate Scout in Company D of Major Gilmore's notorious guerilla cavalry. For this exploit, when captured, he was tried at Columbus, Ohio, by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot at the headquarters of the Federal Army at Alexandria on the Potomac.

Owing to the energy of friends at Belfast (officers and men of his old regiment, the 69th New York, and the representations of the United States Plenipotentiary), the President, Abraham Lincoln, commuted the death sentence to five years penal servitude at Dry Tortugas, on the coast of Florida, and he was taken *en route* with other prisoners to Fort Delaware. Fortunately for him he was too late to be forwarded with the first batch, and he determined again to escape from the cruelties and hardships he had to endure. With seven companions, one stormy night in December, 1865, he got away from the island fort and reached the Jersey shore. Three weeks after, as James Sandford, he went back again with the 35th Zouave Regiment, and was at the capture of Richmond.

Except that in prison and when under sentence of death there were excellent opportunities for reflection, a life so full of change and romance afforded little opportunity for serious thought and study; yet he almost unconsciously became a student of human nature and character, and gradually, but very definitely, unfolded characteristics of a philosophic nature.

Settling down after the war to business as a furniture warehouseman, and to further



JAMES COATES.

study in New York, he became a Phrenologist. Returning to Ireland in 1867, he entered into business with his uncle, Coates & Staunton, Belfast. Later he cast his lot in Liverpool, and there formed the acquaintance of Dr. Hitchman, taking a deep interest in psychology, medical subjects and the works of Combe and the old phrenologists. He obtained the honorary degree of Ph.D. from an American University, was elected a member of the Liverpool Anthropological Society, and in 1871 became a Phrenologist and Mesmerist, in the practice of which he gained some reputation. For a time he gave mesmeric entertainments, but ultimately devoted himself entirely to lecturing on and teaching the science of phrenology. He practised in Liverpool for three years, and in Glasgow for fifteen years.

He married in 1882, his wife being a very capable lady, interested in his professional work, and herself an able phrenologist and psychic.

Besides having been Character-Editor of the *Housewife* for over ten years, he had numerous articles in theological and other magazines, wrote a pamphlet on "The Great Social Question," of which 35,000 copies were sold, helped to project the *Phrenological Annual* and the Phrenological Literary Union; was the author of a number of popular works, which had a large and well-deserved sale.

For many years Mr. and Mrs. Coates devoted considerable time to Spiritualistic investigation and propaganda, and since the death of his wife Mr. Coates has lectured in the interests of Spiritualism in most of the big towns and cities of Great Britain.

"Zodiac" as a Spiritual Healer.

ZODIAC," in addition to giving wonderful trance addresses every Sunday evening through the mediumship of Miss Winifred Moyes, occasionally heals cases of serious sickness and disease as they come across his path.

The following are a few testimonies as to the efficacy of his healing powers:—

From Mrs. R. W. Jones, President of the Greater World Mission, Leamington Spa.

"When Miss Moyes came to Leamington Spa for a meeting, I told her I was suffering with my heart. I have been unconscious for two or three hours at a time with this complaint, and our people at the Mission have seen me fall on more than one occasion and become stiff as if I were dead. I could not walk far nor do any work that was strenuous. Just before Zodiac's visit I had to remain in bed for several weeks. On the evening of the Service I prayed that if it was God's Will this weakness of the heart might be taken from me during Zodiac's address, so that I could again work. While Zodiac was speaking I felt as if a big wheel were going round and round my left side. That night I realised that I had been healed of a dreadful disease. My impression was verified next day in our little Church by one of my inspirers. I have waited two months so that I could feel quite sure before telling Miss Moyes the good news. I am so grateful to Zodiac."

From an ex-District Nurse of Scarborough.

"I feel I must let you know the wonderful cure I had at the meeting at the Aberdeen Walk Picture House, Scarborough. While Zodiac was delivering his address I felt such power! It was as though I was enveloped in what we call 'a hot steam pack,' and as it left me all my pain left me, too. I have not had any pain nor a sleepless night since that Sunday."

"I had had an accident two years ago while district nursing, injuring my spine, which meant giving up my

nursing profession—a terrible blow to me! The doctors pronounced me as incurable, and I had resigned myself to it. Since then I had never known what it was to go through a day without pain, nor to have a good night's rest. On the day before the Zodiac meeting, and on the Sunday itself, I had to take medicine to alleviate the pain, which was excruciating.

"Thanks be to God I am now cured! I feel I would like to shout it from the hilltops and tell the people that the days of miracles are not yet over and never will be."

From Mr. Fred Catrall, of Birmingham.

"For many years I have been handicapped with deafness, but during the progress of the service, when Zodiac came to a halt in front of the platform where I was sitting, imagine my great joy to find healing power operating upon my ears and a complete restoration of hearing effected! I may say that I have put the cure to a thorough test to-day (October 23rd) and it has stood the test. Thanks to Zodiac and praise to God!"

From M. L. W. Dewick, Daybrook, Notts.

"For some time past I have been severely troubled with my stomach, and as I drove over to Worksop from Nottingham I was in pain, also at the commencement of the meeting. But, thanks be to God, during the address all pain left me. When Zodiac stood beside me in the centre aisle, I prayed for healing of the body as well as healing of the soul. The power was wonderful! The pain had completely gone, and to-day—six days after the meeting—it has not returned."

Mrs. Young, of Leeds, intimates that during Zodiac's address at the Victoria Hall, Saltaire, she was healed of an internal displacement from which she had been suffering for many years. She went to her doctor the following day, and he confirmed that the displaced organ was now in its correct position. Mrs. Young concludes:—"Is it not wonderful? All can be put right by the power of the Holy Spirit."

Occasional Jottings by X.

ONE OF THE OLD GUARD.

One meets few of the valiant pioneers of Modern Spiritualism nowadays, for most of them have passed to a happier state. But the few remaining are being sadly forgotten or neglected by the New School of Spiritualists that has arisen.

During a recent visit to Birmingham, I called on Mr. d'Aute-Hooper, who has a notable record of nearly fifty years' devoted service to our cause, not only in bringing comfort to the bereaved and by affording irrefutable proofs of survival, but also as a healer and diagnoser. Many sufferers have been freed from pain and restored to health through his mediumship, and even such diseases as cancer have been cured in a miraculous way by his spirit doctors.

Mr. d'Aute-Hooper's gifts embrace Direct Voice, Materialisation, Apports, Trance, Psychometry and Spirit Photography; and Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Henslow and Archdeacon Colley have sat with him frequently. Professor Henslow wrote his book, "Proofs of the Truth of Spiritualism," largely as a result of sittings with Mr. d'Aute-Hooper, who was at one time closely associated with D. D. Home.

And now, at an advanced age, and with health enfeebled by the perpetual strain of his service to humanity, this unselfish pioneer medium is almost unrecognised. And why? Because he has never sought personal publicity; he has ever been more ready to give than to receive. It is not too much to say that were his services reckoned in terms of hard cash he would have made a small fortune, but payment for his services has been his last thought, and many have benefited by his mediumship and paid him nothing.

Yet, despite it all, this brave servant of the Higher Powers carries on cheerfully in his humble herbalist shop in Gooch Street, Birmingham. His devoted wife passed over some four years ago, so he is alone with his memories and his faithful spirit-friends. A call, a handshake or a letter of cheer from some of his old friends and admirers at this New Year season, would, I feel sure, be greatly welcomed by Mr. d'Aute-Hooper and other worthy old mediums I could name.

BEWARE OF SECOND-HAND GOODS.

Psychometry proves that every article handled or

worn by a person retains a record or impression of the thoughts, feelings and conduct of that person, and a trained psychometrist can read or tap that record. It is even possible for an article to radiate the conditions of two or more persons who have worn it.

I heard the other day about a man who had purchased a second-hand walking-stick, knowing nothing whatever about its previous owner. Of temperate habits, the new owner suddenly developed a craving for drink, especially when carrying the stick. Gradually the habit grew until his wife was shocked to witness his home-coming in a state of intoxication.

They were both interested in Spiritualism, and a gifted psychometrist soon discovered that the second-hand walking-stick was the cause of the trouble. He was able to describe its previous owner, who had passed over, and who had been a heavy drinker in his earth life. His spirit still craved for drink, and being now in an earth-bound condition, the stick formed a link between him and the man on earth.

The evil spell was broken by the psychometrist's tactful explanation to the man on earth and the burning of the stick.

RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW!

Very soon now the bells will be ringing the Old Year out and the New Year in, and besides ringing out some of the internal, political and international strife let us hope they will also ring in a greater concord within our Movement, which is being sadly split up by squabbling factions.

Spiritualists who put others' welfare before their own sometimes wonder whether our Movement as a whole is really making any progress. However, an advanced spirit guide said to me recently:—"Take all these upheavals as a sign of progress rather than the reverse. We from our side have commenced a big drive to eliminate the undesirable elements from the Movement, and to put in their place conditions of harmony and good-will between the various sections and organisations. The process of destroying an old edifice, with its dust and debris, is not a pleasant one, but to those who prefer the cleanliness of Truth, the new edifice will afford delight, pleasure and peace. Therefore, *nil desperandum!*"

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Memorial Service to William Hope.

ON Sunday, December 10th, people from all quarters assembled in the Church of All Saints, Weston, near Otley, Yorks, to attend the Service of Evensong, which was the occasion of a Memorial Service to William Hope of Crewe, the world-famous psychic, in whose presence the spirits of the departed could be photographed.

The Vicar, the Rev. Charles L. Tweedale, who was a personal friend of Mr. Hope, and knew him intimately for nearly twenty years, described him in his sermon as "the most wonderful man of this or any other age in his power to give permanent evidence of survival and the life of the world to come."

The Vicar gave many instances of Mr. Hope's powers which had come under his own notice, both at Weston Vicarage and in Weston Churchyard, in some of which Mr. Hope took no part whatsoever in the actual photographic procedure, neither purchasing the plates, entering the darkroom, touching the plates, camera, or slide, developing the plates, or making the exposure; but merely standing in an attitude of prayer a few feet away from the camera.

Yet under these test conditions recognised pictures of the departed were obtained. Very many of Mr. Hope's spirit photographs have been recognised clearly and distinctly, and identified by details which admitted of no doubt or mistake. They included many instances in which no ordinary photograph or other representation of the deceased had been made during mortal life.

Thousands of instances had been crowded into the life of this wonderful man, and many had been placed on record, constituting a body of cumulative evidence which was irresistible and unique in the history of the world.

William Hope was a great prophet to this generation, having more power to give permanent proofs and evidence of survival and "the life of the world to come" than any of the prophets of Bible times. Had the Orthodox Churches known "the day of their visitation" they would have used this man and his God-given powers to prove to their own times that Survival in life of the world to come for which they are supposed to stand, but of which they are unable to give any present day evidence.

PREDICTION OF HIS PASSING.

Continuing, the Vicar said, "As in Bunyan's immortal allegory, the messenger gave notice to those about to pass, so the withdrawal of this wonderful man from the scene of his earthly labours was likewise foretold from the Spirit World. During one of his visits to Weston in 1931, Mrs. Tweedale saw the figure eleven over his head, and got an intimation of his approaching passing. She withheld this information from him, but told him of the figure eleven. Again on October 3rd, 1932, the occasion of his last visit to Weston, as we sat around the fire after the Evening Service, Mrs. Tweedale again saw the figure eleven, and got the intimation of his passing, while another clairvoyant present received the message that it would take place within five months.

"The figure eleven was again mentioned to Mr. Hope, but the message and intimation withheld. He repeatedly said, 'What does it mean? Tell me what it means?' but they dare not do so. Four months and ten days from that night he died at eleven o'clock in Salford Hospital. This was on Wednesday, March 8th, 1933.

"Shortly before midnight on the Saturday following he entranced Mrs. Tweedale in my presence and sang to me in his well-remembered voice—which I clearly recognised—the following verse:—

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou who changest, not abide with me.

"On Monday I went to the funeral, and on entering the house, I immediately began to relate this experience to those assembled there, and I sang to them the verse. They all cried out in astonishment:—'Why, sir! we were just discussing that hymn as you entered, and arranging to sing it at the funeral.' An hour later we all sang it around the flower-covered coffin.

"Just as Jesus returned from beyond the grave on the 'third day,' so likewise did William Hope on the fourth. 'There is no death.'"

Before the Dean commenced his discourse, he unveiled a Memorial Brass to William Hope, being assisted by Mr. Arthur Hope, son of the famous psychic. Mr. Latham, his son-in-law, was also present. The Memorial Brass, which is mounted on a solid oak plaque, reads as follows:—

TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM HOPE
OF CREWE.

Born December 20th, 1864, died March 8th, 1933.
WHO BY HIS WONDERFUL SPIRITUAL GIFTS BROUGHT
CONSOLATION TO THOUSANDS, DEMONSTRATING
HUMAN SURVIVAL AND "THE LIFE OF THE WORLD
TO COME" TO HIS DAY AND GENERATION.

"To another discernings of spirits."—i. Cor. XII, 10.

"Made manifest with light."—Ephes. V, 13.

* * *

THE SAD EXPERIENCE OF A SPIRITUALIST WORKER.

SOME three years ago we had a call from a young friend, then one of the most ardent workers in the Spiritualist movement. When she mentioned where she was living we said, "You ought certainly to know two very beautiful souls in our Movement, dear friends of ours for over thirty years, who are your near neighbours. Call with this card of introduction and let us know the result."

In a few days we received the following letter:—

"I called on Mr. and Mrs. — yesterday. What delightful people they are! The old gentleman is getting somewhat feeble, but the lady is very much alert. They welcomed me warmly and asked me to go again, which I hope to do.

"They are two more of my acquaintances who, although they are good Spiritualists, never go to our services. They and the others complain that the teaching given is a dreary repetition of the same fact, 'There is No Death.' As I never go to any meetings, except those I take myself, I do not know how far the charge is true, but, if it is true, then there is something very far wrong with our workers. There is so much and such wonderful truth to be made known—truth that makes life so different and so beautiful.

"I had a sad experience last night at —. The conditions were difficult (they generally are there), but none the less my inspirers had sufficient power to get the teaching through in a large degree, and it was a beautiful service, as far as conditions allowed.

"Then, afterwards, when I was in the waiting-room at the back, which is only partitioned off, a large group of the officers and members started quarrelling. It was like a street brawl. I think I know the real cause of the trouble, but, of course, it is nothing to do with me and nothing I can put right.

"If these people could only see the kind of influences they attract to themselves when they do such things they would be more careful. There is no doubt that opening the door of our nature to the unseen makes people either better or worse than they were before.

"Thank you for your kindly interest in my concerns. It is comforting to have a 'Father John' to turn to, but I don't want to worry you unduly; you were born to be a burden bearer, I know, but that does not give me the right to burden you unnecessarily."

If this personal letter expresses a real state of affairs which still exists, and is perhaps operating as a sort of dry-rot in the machinery of the most enlightening movement of modern times, it ought to be examined, its causes discovered, and its destructive influences eradicated.

True and False Humility.

BY "HEATHER B.," AUTHOR OF "HEAVENLY COUNSELS," ETC.

IN the quiet hours of night—my mind dwelling up on the question of humility—the voice of a helper in the higher spheres reached my inner consciousness:—

Until you recognise your oneness with the Oversoul, you can never attain spiritual humility. To us your earthly idea of humility is partly false; for it falls short of true realisation. It is so mixed with personal feelings and emotion that it is a very different state of consciousness from the true Christ humility.

We do not say this in condemnation, for while we see your limitations we see also much that is good and beautiful in your wish to be duly humble. To attain to spiritual humility one must reach the highest, purest, most profound realisation that one is divine in heredity, and with the courage of certainty be able to say—"I am a child of God; I am conscious of the cosmic Christ-Spirit within me; I can do all things, for I am acting in co-operation with the Father and His Ministers; of this I am glad and proud and grateful; I know when I have done well because then I am conscious of the power that is working through me; it is the limitless power of the Universal Spirit, whose strength is inexhaustible, whose love is unbounded."

This is spiritual humility, to know your high calling, to be conscious of the power to render service, and at the same time to realise that you—but for the Christ in you—are as nothing.

Spiritual humility does not belittle its service, is not dissatisfied with work accomplished, though it is ever aiming at betterment. Regrets are depressing and destructive; thankfulness is creative and up-building; so be thankful of every advance in capacity to serve. There is the glory of partnership about every good work done with high purpose and endeavour. Disparagement of such is disloyal—a false humility.

These words cannot compare with the strength and rhythm of the message which

streamed into my mind in the stillness of the night, in answer to a question I put regarding false humility.

Undoubtedly the old Uriah Heap kind of humility was a false one. No one can respect and love others who does not respect and love that greater Self which he knows he is, in germ. The Christ injunction to "love your neighbour as yourself" would be meaningless if this were not true. This higher type of love of self prompts a man to cultivate and increase every faculty and gift, and to strive for spiritual development, so as to become a more efficient instrument to carry out God's will on earth.

No one can do the best for others until he has striven to make the best of himself. If he thinks badly of himself, he will think badly of others. We need the wisdom from on high to direct us on this narrow path; it is so easy to slip into the abyss of spiritual pride on the one side, or false humility on the other. Here is the safeguard: *To have our thoughts ever flowing spontaneously toward the Infinite Mind; to be one with God, and a wise lover of self; and to feel ourselves, more and more, parts of God manifest in the flesh.*

We are never called upon to do that which we are not equal to; we have the power of the Supreme with which to work; and unselfish effort in service unfailingly attracts the aid of Spirit-helpers to support us. How proud and yet how humble this should make us!

Rays of Light.

LETTER TO F. HESLOP FROM HER HUSBAND IN SPIRIT LIFE.

I WILL write to you to-day about the rays of light that are always passing from our world to yours to illuminate the spiritual darkness. They are used to penetrate the mass of evil in which some souls are encased, and to such they are as a consuming fire of conviction and remorse. But to the pure in heart they bring healing and light.

These rays of light help us on our journeys to the Land of Darkness, for without them it would be impossible to penetrate the intense blackness of these regions. It is truly a darkness that may be felt. But the light falls on us, and on those to whom we are sent, and enables us to see them. Gradually, as they become accustomed to the light they also see us, and when they recognise a loved one from the other spheres who has come to help them to rise, it encourages them to try to do so. Then by a combined effort we are able to bear them away from the darkness to a better sphere. I think you can understand what these divine rays do spiritually, when you compare them to the action of the sun as it gradually dispels the thick mists of your London atmosphere till everything is bathed in cheering sunlight.

It is down these pathways of light that we frequently travel to earth. When you hear of spirits feeling choked by the mists and fogs of earth, and sometimes unable to reach the dear ones left behind, it is because they have tried to return to earth without passing along the

rays. This is specially so with those newly arisen to spirit-life, but gradually they accustom themselves to the heavy atmosphere, and can come and go as they will. When we know in advance that our presence is desired on earth we ask that the rays of light may be granted to us to illuminate our path. Sometimes, as we approach the earth, the mists of ignorance or evil cling on either side of the rays and shadow them. If we are not very watchful, they are apt to disturb the conditions and impinge on the minds of those we are trying to help. Hence, numerous Angelic Beings come and protect the rays; especially is this so when we try to communicate some great truth. Should one of the Higher Intelligences visit your earth, these Angelic Beings form themselves into a bodyguard and so fulfil the words, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight."

Now it was down one of these pathways of light that we came to you on Friday. Had your eyes been opened, you would have seen these shining Angels in the room, and they extended on either side of the pathways of light far into the heavens. They were guarding the Exalted Spirit who came to you and wrote through the hand of your friend. Bend low in reverence, my beloved, for God had sent you a message from the Master, and these Holy Ones will oft-times visit you, as your hearts become pure and full of the love of the Christ.

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"Twenty Years After": Things Worth Recalling.

From the "International Psychic Gazette" for January, 1914.

THE PASSING OF THE EDITOR OF "LIGHT."

IT is with deep regret that we have to announce the sudden passing out of our universally respected friend and fellow worker, Mr. E. W. Wallis, Editor of *Light*. Mr. Wallis was in his office on Friday morning, January 9th. He was then attacked by acute pneumonia, became unconscious the same evening, and, without again regaining consciousness, passed on painlessly and peacefully on Sunday morning at 8.30.

We offer our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Wallis and her family in their loss. Mr. and Mrs. Wallis were united by an unusually complete affinity. There seemed ever to be perfect understanding and sympathy between them in their personal relations, and also in their mission to make plain the spiritualist gospel that "there is no death, what seems so is transition."

ADMIRAL USBORNE MOORE AND THE OPEN DOOR.

Admiral Usborne Moore received his first proofs of the living presence of his relation, 'Iola,' through Mrs. Crompton of Bradford and Mr. J. J. Vango, who both described her, the latter giving her name.

Then he attended the private seances which were so ably conducted by Mr. Gambier Bolton, at which Mr. Cecil Husk was chiefly engaged. And within three months of his taking up the Spiritualist quest he went to New York, where seances with Mr. de Witt Hough and Dora Hahn brought him certain conviction that there is reality behind the phenomena.

In four years he continued his study, saw every phenomenon worth seeing in England and made repeated visits to America, where he met Mrs. Etta Wriedt, whose direct voice mediumship so impressed him that he mentioned her gifts to Mr. Stead, and in 1911, 1912 and 1913, she came to this country and gave wonderful seances at Julia's Bureau and elsewhere.

The Admiral came to the absolute conviction that what we call death is a mere incident, a door to a higher life that is, in reality, more substantial to the

senses we shall hereafter possess than the one we set so much store upon here.

MRS. BESANT MEETS MR. STEAD.

Miss Edith K. Harper, in a lecture at the International Club, said Mrs. Annie Besant, who was one of Mr. Stead's oldest friends, had written to her from Italy to say she met Mr. Stead "out of the body" on the night after the Titanic was wrecked. She said he was dazed and hardly seemed to realise he had left the body altogether. "Since then," she added, "I have seen him every night and have talked with him. His eager nature, so intensely interested in his work here, is not glad to be out of the body. He is anxious about the carrying on of his work. 'Tell them not to lose heart, but to work, to work,' he said insistently. I think he will return very soon, to take up his work and carry it on."

MISS LIND-AF-HAGEBY AND SEALSKIN COATS.

Miss Lind-af-Hageby at the closing session of the National Anti-Vivisection and Animal Protection Congress at Washington last month, declared that women who wear sealskin coats ought to be ashamed of themselves. The women who wear them, she said, are as cruel as the men who get the seals and bleed them alive for women—ignorant and shamefully ignorant women—to wear on their backs.

HOW THE BLIND DREAM.

Arising out of a recent inquiry by Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, "Can a blind man dream?" an interview is given in the *Pall Mall Gazette* with a gentleman blind from birth, Mr. Bonner, who is engaged at the offices of the Dictaphone Company. "The blind do dream," he said, "I have dreamed. I have in my dreams been pursued by animals—strange animals, perhaps animals of my own imagination. Of colours I have never dreamed. I do not know what colour is, unless black is a colour and white is a colour. My dream animals are just shapes and forms. Of course, we blind learn from models, and when I have learned the form of a horse I can, and do, dream of a horse, not as an animal of colour, but as a form. I have dreamed of a battle, with all the noise and flashes.

Brief Notices of New Books.

Life Eternal. By W. T. Stead. Wright & Brown. 7/6 net.

In this book, received through the mediumship of Mrs. Hester Dowden, the well-known automatist, Mr. W. T. Stead writes: "I dedicate this book to my daughter, Estelle, who, by her courage and devotion to friends seen and unseen, has enabled me to send it forth."

Miss Stead herself says: "The writings included in this book have been 'inspired' by my father during the last four years. . . . People will ask: 'How do I know these writings come from my father?' He has proved this satisfactorily to me in many ways: 1, by confirmation and directions given through other mediums; 2, by proof given to myself alone—for at times I can see him and hear him speak. Most convincing of all was the fact that as I sat by Mrs. Dowden, watching the writing, a strong feeling of his presence pervaded the room. There was no mistaking it—he was there. I was as conscious of his presence and his personality, as I was in the old days, when he would walk up and down in his sanctum dictating and talking to me when I acted as his secretary. There was no hesitation. Even when months elapsed between the sittings, he commenced where he had left off, and carried on as if there had been no interval.

"When here it was always his wish to reach 'The Man in the Street,' and I know that it was 'The Man in the Street' that he had in his mind when writing this book. It had been his aim to give him a wider outlook, and to explain some of the mysteries that surround us during our life here, and in the Great Beyond; to give him a grasp of the vastness, the intelligence behind, the order of, and the wonder of Life—Life Eternal, in a way that should appeal to him."

The automatist says: "I feel Mr. Stead is entirely outside my own personality. The pace at which he writes is about 3,000 words an hour, which entirely prohibits any thinking process on my part."

This is a book of vital importance to the Spiritualist Movement, and is a valuable reference book for experienced Spiritualists and beginners alike. There is an excellent photograph of Mr. Stead, taken in his office in 1910, two years before his passing.

The Superhuman Life of Gesar of Ling, the Legendary Tibetan Hero. By Alexandra David-Neel and The Lama Yongden. Rider. 18/- net.

Students of occultism and mysticism will find this book of considerable interest. It is the story of Gesar, who, it is claimed, was sent into the world to establish the reign of order on the earth, to suppress injustice and violence, and to uphold the true religion against its enemies. The Gesar of this Ling Epic is the Iliad of Central Asia. A Tibetan initiate is said to have dictated this version to Alexandra David-Neel, who has now put it into English. Some Tibetans believe that Gesar will reincarnate, sweep all foreigners from the Eastern countries, and eventually march victoriously on the West!

Dreams of Udar. By Margaret V. Underhill. Wright & Brown. 5/- net.

Such poets as Robert Browning, Shelley and Wordsworth are claimed to have communicated the beautiful thoughts here expressed in verse by means of inspirational writing. Miss Underhill says:—"I can identify my communications by their distinctive rhythmic motion of pencil as well as by their writing." Coming from a lady who has already contributed such books as "Your Infinite Possibilities" and "Your Latent Powers," and given much valuable advice on the technique of mediumship, this latest effort is worthy the attention of our literary readers.

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